Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS.

☞ *The "SPECTATOR" is published once a week, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year, which may be discharged by the payment of Two Dollars at any time within the year.*

No subscription will be discontinued but at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid.

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CARDS.

Western Virginia
MARBLE WORKS,
AT STAUNTON
AND
HARRISONBURG.
MARQUIS & KELLEY.

Staunton, April 7, 1858.

TAYLOR & HOGE,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,

HAVE just received a very large and handsome stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, to which they invite the attention of purchasers.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, having been located permanently in Staunton for the last four years, would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he still continues to practice Dentistry in all its various branches, with the strictest regard to durability and usefulness.
Office on the south-side of Main Street opposite the old Spectator Office.
Staunton, Nov. 29, 1854.

G. C. YEAKLE,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER AND
PLATED WARE,
OPPOSITE VA. HOTEL, STAUNTON, VA.
Staunton, July 17, 1860.

WM. B. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.
WILL attend to the location, purchase and sale of Lands in Arkansas, and any other business pertaining to his profession in that State, and in Memphis, Tenn. May be found until the 15th of October at the office of David S. Young, or the residence of N. P. Catlett, Staunton, Va.
Oct. 2, 1860—1y.

POWELL HARRISON
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,
WILL practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties.
☞ Office removed to corner room of the New Law Building, East of the Court-house.
Staunton, Oct. 23, 1860.

J. M. HANGER
ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
WILL practice in all the Courts held in Staunton, and in the Circuit Courts of Albemarle and Rockingham. Office in the brick-row, in the rear of the Court-house.
Staunton, Dec. 30, 1857.

JOHN W. MEREDITH,
DEALER IN
JEWELRY, CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.,
Main St., Staunton, Va.
☞ Watches and Jewelry Repaired.
Staunton, Jan. 17.

DOCTOR JAMES B. GILKESON—Having located in Staunton, tenders his professional services to the public. He may be found, when not professionally engaged, at the room over the Saddle and Harness establishment of Mr. G. H. Elick, nearly opposite the Post Office.
Staunton Feb. 8, 1859—tf.

A. D. CHANDLER,
UNDERTAKER,
Staunton, Va.,
KEEPS METALIC CASES of all sizes, at Staunton and Millborough Depot, at City Prices.
Staunton, July 19, 1859.

ROBERT D. LILLEY,
Practical Surveyor,
WILL attend promptly to Surveying, Platting, Calculating and Dividing Land, and Locating Roads.
Staunton, June 26, 1860.

R. L. DOYLE,
Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.,
WILL practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockbridge, Bath and Highland.
July 29, 1857.

DENTAL NOTICE.—Wm. Chapman has removed his office to the old Bell Tavern, near the Virginia Hotel, and opposite Brandeburg's Corner, and adjoining Rankin's Daguerrean Gallery, where he will be pleased to see his friends and costomers.
Staunton, Jan. 31, 1860.

JOEL ETTINGER
HAVING located in Staunton is prepared to take a few more pupils for instruction on Piano and Guitar. Orders left with J. W. Alby.
Staunton, Oct. 30, 1860—tf—Vin. copy.

$100,000 IN CASH FOR NEGROES!—I will pay the highest market prices for sound and healthy NEGROES. My long experience in the business, and my facilities for selling will enable me to pay the VERY HIGHEST PRICES.
I wish to employ some good AGENTS to buy Negroes. I want business men of good moral habits.
Persons wishing to sell will find it to their interest to call on me by letter or otherwise, at Waynesboro', Augusta county, Virginia. JOHN B. SMITH.
August 14, 1860—6mo.*

PLASTER.—The Staunton Steam Mill having been repaired and put in working order, farmers can now get supplies of GROUND PLASTER in any desired quantities. E. T. ALBERTSON, Sup't.
Staunton, June 5, 1860.

LOOK HERE!—The undersigned have received a large lot of MILLER'S CASSIMERES which will be sold at a reasonable rate.
MOSBY, MAYLOR & FULTZ.
Staunton, Sept. 25, 1860.

MILL IRONS, MACHINERY AND ALL kinds of Castings made to order at the Staunton Foundry, by A. J. GARBER & CO.
Sep. 13, 1859.

STATIONERY.—I am now receiving a superior stock of Stationery, which for quality and cheapness cannot be surpassed in Staunton.
Staunton, Oct. 23, 1860. L. B. WALLER.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and all kinds of Patent Medicines, for sale by DR. H. S. EICHELBERGER.
Staunton, April 3, 1860.

IRON RAILING—A variety of patterns, for Yards, Cemeteries, Lots, &c., made to order at the Staunton Foundry. A. J. GARBER & CO.
Sept. 13, 1859.

LEATHER.—30 Sides best Sole Leather.
TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

OPODELDOC SOUP—for sale at P. H. TROUT'S.
Staunton, Nov. 1860.

SALTPETRE—500lb Refined Key-stone Saltpetre, for sale by P. H. TROUT.
Staunton, Nov. 13, 1860.

LINSEY.—30 pieces Linsey,
TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

SKIRTS.—6 doz. Hoop Skirts, latest style, just received by TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

COFFEE.—40 bags Rio, Laguira and Java Coffee. TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct 9, 1860.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
Pain Killer

We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled

Family Medicine.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received **thousands** *of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon ---*

Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs; ***Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains*** *in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.*

As a ***Blood Purifier and Tonic*** *for the* ***Stomach,*** *it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints,* ***Sick Headache,*** *Piles, Asthma or Phthisic, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, Whitlows, Old Sores, Swelled Joints, and* ***General Debility*** *of the* ***System.***

It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Painters' Colic, ***Diarrhœa,*** *Dysentery,* ***Summer Complaint,*** *Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chilblains, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.*

See Directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost ***every nation known*** *to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the* ***missionary*** *and the* ***traveller,*** *---on sea and land,---and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.*

Prices, 12½ cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Sold by dealers every where.
Sept. 11, 1860.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY VARIETY,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DESPATCH
AT THE
"SPECTATOR"
JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
Stone Building, Augusta St.,
STAUNTON, VA.

LARGE STOCK OF JOB TYPE!

GREAT VARIETY OF NEW & FANCY TYPE!

BRONZE & COLORED PRINTING!
will be done in a style equal to the best City Work.

HAVING made a large addition to the "SPECTATOR JOB OFFICE," it is now one of the best in the State, and all varieties of Job Work can be done in the very best and most satisfactory manner on very short notice.
☞ It is furnished with a great variety of new and Fancy Type.
☞ We are now prepared to execute all kinds of Printing, such as
Posters, Sale Bills, Blanks, Circulars, School Reports, Cards, Checks, Notes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads Labels, Pamphlets, Programmes, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Invitations &c.,
in the very best style, on moderate terms.
BLANKS.—Clerks, Sheriffs, Lawyers, Constables, Merchants, and business men generally, are respectfully informed that every kind of Blank they may need can be had, at the shortest notice, at the Spectator office.
☞ Send in your orders and they will be promptly attended to.

GROVER & BAKER'S
NOISELESS FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE.

THE undersigned Clergymen of various denominations, having purchased and used in our families "GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it a machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who purchase and use it:
Rev. W. H. LANEY, Baltimore, Md.,
Rev. O. H. TIFFANY, D. D., "
Rev. C. J. BOWEN, "
Rev. JONA CROSS, "
Rev. JOHN McCRON, D. D., "
Rev. W. T. D. CLEMM, "
Rev. W. H. CHAPMAN, "
Rev. F. S. EVANS, "
Rev. R. C. GALBRATH, Govanstown Md.,
Rev. J. McK. REILEY, Frederick, Md.,
Rev. T. E. LOCKE, Westmoreland co., Va.,
Rev. W. A. CROCKER, Norfolk, Va.,
Rev. JOHN PARIS, "
Rev. J. F. LANNEAU, Salem, Va.
Rev. C. HANKEL, D., D., Charleston, S. C.
Rev. C. A. LOYAL, "
Rev. A. A. PORTER, Selma, Ala.
Rev. J. J. TWISE, Speedwell, S. C.
Rev. H. B. ROSS, Mobile, Ala.
Rev. J. L. MICHAUX, Enfield, N. C.
Rev. A. C. HARRIS, Henderson, N. C.
Rev. C. F. HARRIS, "
Office of Exhibition and Sale
181 BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE.
☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜
May 8, 1860.—1y.

MUSICAL STORE,
MAIN STREET, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
FREY & ROBINSON
HAVE opened a Store on Main St., (old Post Office,) where they will keep for sale, *PIANOS, FLUTES, VIOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS, SHEET MUSIC, STATIONERY, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.,* and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.
PIANOS.—Our stock of Pianos is selected principally from the well known and most reliable factory of NUNS & CLARK, New York, whose instruments have never been surpassed in tone and durability since their establishment commenced operations (thirty-five years ago.) We have made arrangements with other Factories for supplying us with Pianos, occasionally retaining the privilege, however, of returning them, if found unworthy our recommendation.—Persons purchasing from us, therefore, will never run any risk, as we have determined to sell only good instruments, on most reasonable terms.
SHEET MUSIC.—A great variety of the latest publications constantly on hand. Instruction books for all instruments. The usual deduction made in supplying Schools and Music Teachers. Arthur's Patent Elastic Music Portfolios. Music sent by mail.
Orders from the country, promptly attended to.
C. T. FREY, Prof. of Music.
J. ROBINSON.
July 26, 1559.—tf.

Ayer's Ague Cure.

DE FORREST ARMSTONG, & CO.
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
75, 77, 79, 81, 83 and 85 Duane Street,
NEW YORK.
Would notify the Trade that they are opening weekly, in new and beautiful patterns, the *Wamsutta Prints*, also the *Amoskeag*, a New Print, which excels every Print in the Country for perfection of execution and design in full Madder Colors. Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale. Orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 31, 1860—1y

LOOKING GLASS PLATES of all sizes for sale by P. H. TROUT,
Staunton, Nov. 13. Druggist.

POETRY.

Shadows on the Wall.

Beside the hearth there is an hour of dreaming,
A calm and pensive solitude of soul,
When life and death have each another seeming,
And thoughts are with us owning no control.
These are the spirits, Memory's revealing,
In deep solemnity they rise and fall,
Shrouding the living present, and concealing
The world around us—Shadows on the Wall.

Hopes, like the leaves and blossoms, rudely shaken
By cruel winds of winter, from the tree
Of our existence; phantoms that awaken
Wild passing gleams of Joy's young ecstacy;
And Love, once kind and tenderly outpouring
Her wine into our souls, we may recall,
And find them dear and ever heavenward soaring,
Though only now as Shadows on the Wall.

Old clasping hands, old friendships and affections
Once bodied forms beside us on the earth,
Come back to haunt us, ghostly recollections
With mystic converse by the silent hearth.
Yet these are kindly spirits, and retiring
Draw their long shadows from the wall,
And visit us in peace and gentleness, inspiring
A hope that brings the sunshine after all.

MISCELLANY.

The Dead Child's Ghost.

The New York Presbyterian of a late date relates this story:

We were returning from our Spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockaway," and the road none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's, who, after we had arrived at his house, narrated the following unique tale. Said the Judge as follows:

"Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child, about four years of age, and the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid its hand upon it. Remedies, promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes and sealed those lips forever; and we learned by trying experience how intense darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinary custody of the grave.—The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well-screwed coffin-lid, and in due form the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a great sheltering roof.—We then wended our way back to our desolate home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, had just laid my head on my pillow in our room upon the first floor of the house, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed—

"'See there! our child! our child!

"Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly towards us. Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind.

"But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covered my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power of either speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my silent thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary providence mean? for what can it be sent?' the servant girl, having crept to the door, after a time, suggested, it looks like Mrs. ——'s child.

"Now our neighbors had a child about the same age as ours, and its constant companion.—But what could bring it to our home at that hour and in such a plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And, after a time, we discovered in truth, that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist. And it became manifest that the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted from this untimely and startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed.—Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence.—The door creaked as I pushed it open, and the noise awakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

"Now, if it had not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window; and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take an oath in any court, either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

THE MAN WHO DON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—May he be shod with lightning and compelled to walk over the plains of gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes and a chestnut bur for an eye stone.

May every day of his life be more despotic than the Dey of Algiers.

May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman.

May his sheet be sprinkled with cowhedge and with bed bugs, and fleas be the sharer of his couch.

May 240 nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his wife be always cross, and his baby ever on the squall.

May his demijohn always be full of blue devil rot gut.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders.

May a troup of printer's 'devils,' lean, lank, gaunt and grim, and a regiment of cats, catterwaul under his chamber window each night.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he go to——the Legislature.

Much has been said of the Eastern Esculapius' labors for the sick; not one half has yet been told of the indomitable perseverance of this singular man. Imbued with the conviction that Scrofula is the parent of disease, he has been years engaged in searching the boundaries of the earth, for its antidote. With vast labor has he canvassed the products of sea and land through both continents until he has discovered that combination of remedials which expurges this human rot and corruption from the system.—This new invention we now offer in our columns under the name of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, although its virtues are from substances far more active and effectual than Sarsaparilla.—*Mercantile Journal.*

Wit and Wisdom.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Not every one that closes his eyes knows how to go to sleep. How often a man kindles a great fire in his heart, overturns a whole hive of busy thoughts in his brain, invokes the sweet restorer, and retires! He beats his pillow like he would an anvil; he turns like the nine acre giant with mountains for counterpanes; he is spitted like a goose before a flame of his own making; he plays Macbeth, and murders sleep.

The letters that one has written, are like monumental tablets set up along life's way, each marking a dead past; something of him that has perished by the roadside; a fancy, a purpose or a hope; each phase of thought, until his evening star grew round and full, and set behind the cold gray cloud of night. Old letters are the treasures of human love, that shall survive the brazen coffer and the iron vault.

God flung out this earth by a golden chain made fast to the foot of the throne. And sometimes an angel, on some good mission bound, chances to touch with the tip of one white wing the straightened chain, It slightly vibrates from Earth to Throne, the globe just trembles in response. This is an earthquake—nothing more.

Perhaps the magnificent necklace of lakes sparkling at the north of us are only the souvenirs of a great Mediterranean that once rolled over the prairies—the shattered fragments of the great mirror wherein wide heaven was pictured from Ursa Major to the Southern Cross.

Improvement has killed half the poetry that makes the memory beautiful. It has robbed the harvest field of its songs and reapers, the threshing floor of the merry beat of flails, and plucked out of the word fireside the heart of its charm.

The feelings *sing* of themselves, and make an orchestra of the brain. Persons utterly incapable of putting the simplest combination of sounds musically together will make melody in their hearts of the reminiscences that strongly move them.

The infidel preachers of philanthropy would establish a blissful millenium on a godless and homeless earth under a fatherless heaven, in the midst of graves, among tombs inscribed, "Death an eternal sleep."

Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth only to mark the track which leads to Heaven.

To cover a man with contempt or obloquy, it is only necessary to apply to him some catchword of theology or politics. Society will judge of the living now by the verbal tin-pan that wit or malice has appended to its tail.

Among literary men the gift of bearing to be contradicted is, generally speaking, possessed only by the dead. Perhaps it would be very well if some were dead, if only for the sake of possessing it.

Intemperate men have two bad habits, which stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect—one is of drinking too much and the other of paying too little.

There is more light in a pint of ink than in ten thousand feet of gas, ten thousand quarts of oil and ten thousand pounds of tallow.

The Quakers have evidently a mortal antipathy to bores. They keep no button-holes or buttons for a bore to hold to.

If a flock of geese see one of their number drink, they drink, too. Men often make geese of themselves.

A couple of sailors were recently arrested in New Orleans for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.

A man in love has little need of victuals. So if your landlady doesn't give you enough to eat, fall in love with her.

Whatever is voted on in a female convention is probably carried or defeated by a handsome majority.

The poet who tried to render a piece of poor prose into rhyme did all he could to make bad matter—verse.

To a woman of right feelings, a man of elevated sentiment will be the resting-place of her faith between earth and heaven.

You cannot reason or talk an Augean stable into cleanliness. A single day's work would make more progress in such a task than a century's words.

The mind's eye is perhaps no better fitted for the full radiance of truth than is the body's for that of the sun.

"You should be ashamed, husband, to snore so." "Oh, it is entirely unintentional; I never do it with my eyes open."

In a critical case a physician or surgeon should make all haste. If he is out of time, he may find his patient in the same situation.

Let a romantic young lover give to a mosquito the name of his sweetheart, and he will enjoy its bite.

If you court a lady who has a count among her suitors, you will probably be counted out.

An over full body is a burden to the mind and an empty mind is a burden to itself.

The ladies seem to treat their waists as vulgar fractions—to be reduced to the lowest terms.

Poetic fame is often the splendid phœnix rising where the sweet thrushes and skylarks in the heart have become ashes.

We ever speak tenderly to our dying children; let us speak gently to them when they are going to their sleep.

Merit is never so conspicuous as when it springs from obscurity, just as the moon never looks so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.

Our esteemed friend Fanny Fern asks why the men will not show the women fair play.—Probably because we are the unfair sex.

The tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

Some thoughts, expressed in a cramped style, look like Venus improved by the addition of busk and bustle.

Men of genius have ever been bruised and battered by fortune. Genius may almost be defined as the faculty of acquiring poverty.

The poor man has often recently complained that he has nothing to live on, the rich still oftener that he has nothing to live for.

Many people's lives are not worth the market value of the iron in their blood and the phosphorus in their bones.

Many think that the French people have fallen into a lethargic sleep, and that their *Nap* should be cut short.

A man's shadow always turns from the sun, the author of its existence, and man himself often turns from the Author of his own.

Though a man should generally adapt himself to his place, there's no necessity for his getting tight because he is in a tight place.

Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, was, at the last accounts, in Paris. A letter from that city, dated the 16th of October, and published in the Presbyterian, says:

Among the guests at present in our hotel is Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, (nee Patterson,) who, as is well known, was married to Jerome Bonaparte, the old Prince lately buried here with so much funeral pomp by his imperial relative. Though far on the evening of life, this venerable lady still retains her freshness and vigor of mind. The first Napoleon allowed her a pension of one thousand dollars a month, after disgracefully requiring her husband to separate from her. I do not know whether the present Emperor will carry out the intentions of his uncle.

The grandson of Madame Bonaparte, who is a captain in the French Army, is a fine looking officer, and stands high in the estimation of his comrades.

Sacred Love.

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western Heavens illume
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last, best gift of Heaven;
Love, gentle, holy, pure,
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse, rude earth;
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance
Who boosts a Heavenly birth?

Daniel Webster's First Case.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden suffered considerably from the depradations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his brother Ezekiel, had set a steel trap, and at last succeeded in capturing the tresspasser.—Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble with him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon the meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him go. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be judge. There is the prisoner," pointing to the woodchuck, "and you shall be the counsel, and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done—said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value; and that, make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, and to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, its your turn; I'll hear what you have got to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in his narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God he said had made the woodchuck; he made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him or anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the fox or wolf was; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing, except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence as was to them the food on their mother's table. God furnished their own food; He gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion. Yea, more, the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God as man often did, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to life, to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him as their own was to them; and the first judgment they might expect, if, in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness, they took the life they could not restore again.

During this appeal, tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes, and he felt that God had blessed him and his children beyond the lot of common men. His pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking that he had already won his case,) and turning to his elder son, dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed—

"'Zeke, 'Zeke, *you let that woodchuck go!*"

HOW A DRUNKARD FEELS.—*An Incident.*—A graduate of one of the Universities of Great Britain came to me shaking and trembling.—He said he had come to me as he would go to a physician. I said, "You must stop drinking."—"I can't." "You will die." "I am afraid I shall if I give it up; I can't." My wife and two gentlemen were present. I said, "What good does the drink do you?" "No good." "Why do you drink?" "I must have it." Thinking that, being an educated man, he might give me some ideas, I asked him: "Will you tell me how you felt before you began to drink, and afterwards?" I shall never forget! He stood up and said:—"All I can say is, I must have it." "Why?"—"I feel as if there were insects in my veins!—Oh! it is horrible, horrible! I touch my coat, I touch my hands, and I jump! Oh! I shall go mad—mad—mad! If I could not get it without having a sound tooth torn out of my jaw, bring the instrument and wrench it out; I must have the drink, you see—so I get it. And then I stand still, that I may not disturb its effect.—That's what I want—I want relief, and I feel it. Quick, quick, now, it sends the blood through my veins; the insects are gone, and I begin to perspire. Yes, I am better, better! It's what I want—it's coming—it's coming—it has come to me—relief—like a flash of summer lightning, and it has gone, and I get another." "Then," I said, "you will die." "I am afraid I shall, can you save me?" "Not unless you stop drinking." "I can't die; I haven't offered a prayer to God for sixteen years." "You must give it up."—"I can't." "God will help you," said I. "No he won't." "I will," said I, "my wife and I will take care of you for four days, if you will. I have just four days to spare for you." We took him, though we could get no promise from him. We nursed him night and day. The third afternoon he sat with me, his hand in mine, and I spoke to him of God and Christ and eternity.—He said, "I am a man of some common sense, I believe; and am very well aware that I can never be happy in another world." He then went out and cut his throat from ear to ear.—Oh, my friends, shall we not try to save our fellow-men from such a fate?—*From a Speech of John B. Gough.*

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—A preparation intended as a balm for aches and pains was discovered by Perry Davis, of Providence, R. I. Its popularity became universal, and it is as popular today, as ever it was. It may be found in the closet or cupboard of all families; ready for use at an instant's warning, and is considered the best article known for "the pains that flesh is heir to."—Boston Bee. Sold by all medicine dealers.

He is worthy of honor who willeth the good of every man; and he is much unworthy thereof who seeketh his own profit, and oppresseth others.

Take Counsel of Wisdom.

We would invoke all who feel their hearts becoming indifferent to the preservation of the Union to read the extracts we give below from some of the great and wise and patriotic men of this country.

In the solemn farewell address of the "Father of his Country," he used the following language:

"It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

In the farewell address of the "Hero of New Orleans," he counseled his countrymen as follows:

"What have you to gain by division and dissension? Delude not yourselves with the belief that a breach may be afterward repaired. If the Union is once severed, the line of separation will grow wider and wider, and the controversies which are now debated and settled in the halls of legislation will then be tried in fields of battle and determined by the sword. Neither should you deceive yourselves with the hope that the first line of separation would be the permanent one, and that nothing but harmony and concord would be found in the new associations formed upon the dissolution of the Union. Local interests would still be found there, and unchastened ambition. And if the recollection of common dangers, in which the people of these United States stood side by side against the common foe; the memory of victories won by their united valor; the prosperity and happiness they have enjoyed under the present constitution; the proud name they bear as citizens of this great republic;—if all these recollections and proofs of common interest are not strong enough to bind us together as one people, what tie will hold united the new divisions of empire, when these bonds have been broken and dissevered? The first line of separation would not last for a single generation; new fragments would be torn off; new leaders would spring up; and this great and glorious republic would soon be broken into a multitude of petty States, without commerce, without credit, jealous of one another, armed for mutual aggressions, loaded with taxes to pay armies and leaders, seeking aid against each other from foreign powers, insulted and trampled upon by the nations of Europe, until, harassed with conflicts, and humbled and debased in spirit, they would be ready to submit to the absolute dominion of any military adventurer, and surrender their liberty for the sake of repose. It is impossible to look on the consequences that would inevitably follow the destruction of this government, and not feel indignant when we hear cold calculations about the value of the Union, and have so constantly before us a line of conduct so well calculated to weaken its ties.

"There is too much at stake to allow pride or passion to influence your decision. Never for a moment believe that the great body of the citizens of any State or States can deliberately intend to do wrong. They may, under the influence of temporary excitement or misguided opinions, commit mistakes—they may be misled for a time by suggestions of self-interest; but in a community so enlightened and patriotic as the people of the United States, argument will soon make them sensible of their errors, and, when convinced, they will be ready to repair them. If they have no higher or better motives to govern them, they will at last perceive 'that their own interest requires them to be just to others, as they hope to receive justice at their hands.'"

CASS.—"It pains me to hear allusions to the destruction of this Government, and to the dissolution of this Confederacy. It pains me, not because they inspire me with any fear, but because we ought to have one unpronounceable word, as the Jews had of old, and that word is *Dissolution.* We should reject the feeling from our hearts, and its name from our tongues.—This cry of "*Wo, wo,* to Jerusalem," grates harshly upon my ears. Our Jerusalem is neither beleaguered nor in danger. It is yet the city upon a hill, glorious in what it is, still more glorious, by the blessing of God, in what it is to be—a landmark, inviting the nations of the world, struggling upon the stormy ocean of political oppression, to follow us to a haven of safety and of rational liberty."

SILAS WRIGHT.—"If there be those among us, who, *impelled by a mistaken sympathy, or by sudden excitement,* are forgetting their obligations to *the whole country,* to the Constitution and the Union, let us use every effort of persuasion and example to awaken them to a sense of their dangerous error. If those, who, for the sake of private interest, personal ambition or momentary political success, are willing to experiment upon the public passions, to treat lightly their constitutional obligations, *to foment sectional jealousies and raise up geographical distinctions within the Union, let the absence of our countenance and support convince such, that the personal gratification, or public services of any living man, are not objects of sufficient magnitude to be gained at the expense of the harmony of the country, the peace of the Union, or a single letter in the list of our constitutional duties.* If among us there be any, which Heaven forbid, who are prepared, for any earthly object, to dismember our Confederacy and destroy that Constitution which binds us together, let the fate of an Arnold be theirs, and let the detestation and scorn of every American be their constant companion, until, like him, they shall abandon a country whose rich blessings they are no longer worthy to enjoy."

GEN. TAYLOR.—"The dissolution of the Union would be the greatest of calamities, and to avert *that,* should be the study of every American."

WEBSTER.—"I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it."

CLAY.—"I may be asked, as I have been asked, when I would consent to a dissolution of the Union. I answer, Never! *Never!* NEVER!

In one of the last letters Chief Justice Marshall ever wrote he uttered these words of wisdom:

"It is, in my opinion, impossible to preserve our Union unless our bosoms receive those impressions and kind affections from each other which ought to belong to citizens of the same country—unless those jealousies and enmities which grow out of a supposed but mistaken opposition of interests yield to those feelings which a conviction of our reciprocal dependence on each other would inspire. I am not less firmly persuaded that our prosperity and our free institutions will be greatly hazarded if the government of these United States be destroyed."

The Next Congress.

It is pretty nearly certain that the next Congress will be politically composed as follows, classifying the Opposition all those opposed to Republicanism:

SENATE.

Opposition,	37
Republicans,	29
Anti-Republican majority,	8

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Opposition,	127
Republicans,	110
Anti-Republican majority,	17

With a working majority against him in both Houses, Mr. Lincoln cannot do any harm even if he were disposed to attempt it.—*Rock. Reg.*

☞ At the St. Louis theatre the other night Mrs